

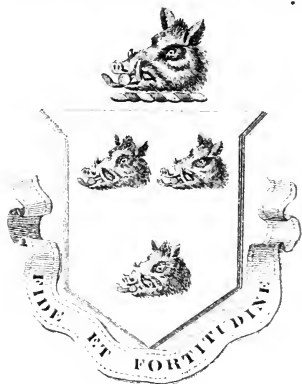
Accessions

149.244

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149.244.3

Daphnaïda.

An Elegie vpon the

death of the noble and vertuous

Douglas Howard, *Daughter and*

heire of *Henry Lord Howard, Vis-*

count Byndon, and Wife of Ar-

thure Gorges Esquier.

*Dedicated to the Right honorable the Lady
Helena, Marquesse of Northampton.*

By Ed. Sp.



AT LONDON

Printed for William Ponsonby, dwelling in

Paules Churchyard at the signe of the

Bishops head 1591.

149.244.
May 1873

Received of
The Trustees of the
British Museum
the sum of £100
for the purchase of
the book
The History of the
British Museum
by
John Smith
London
1873



To the right Hono-
rable and vertuous Lady *Helena*
Marqueſſe of North-hampton.

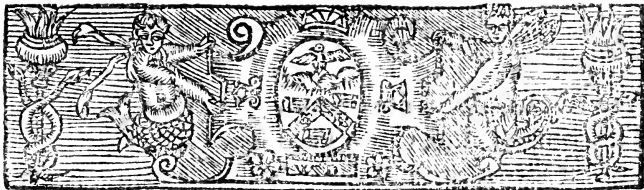
Have the rather presumed
*humbly to offer vnto your Ho-
nor the dedication of this little
Poëme, for that the noble
and vertuous Gentlewoman
of whom it is written, was by
match neere alied, and in affection greatly deu-
oted vnto your Ladiship. The occasion why I wrote
the same, was as well the great good fame which I
heard of her deceassed, as the particular goodwill
which I beare vnto her husband Master Arthure
Gorges, a louer of learning and vertue, whose
house as your Ladiship by mariage hath honoured,
so doo I finde the name of them by many notable
records, to be of great antiquitie in this Realm; and
such as haue euer borne themselves with honorable*

The Epistle.

reputation to the world, and unspotted loyaltie to their Prince and Countrey: besides so linially are they descended from the Howards, as that the Lady Anne Howard, eldest daughter to Iohn Duke of Norfolke, was wife to Sir Edmund, mother to Sir Edward, and grandmother to Sir VVilliam and Sir Thomas Gorges Knights. And therefore I doo assure my selfe that no due honour done to the white Lyon, but will be most gratefull to your Ladiship, whose husband and children doo so neerely participate with the bloud of that noble familie. So in all duetie I recommend this Pamphlet, & the good acceptance thereof to your honorable fauour and protection. London this first of January. 1591.

Your Honors humbly euer.

E. Sp.



Daphnaïda.

WHAT euer man he be, whose heauie minde
With griefe of mournfull great mishap opprest,
Fit matter for his cares increase would finde:
Let reade the rufull plaint herein exprest
Of one (I weene) the wofulst man aliue;
Euen sad *Alcyon*, whose empierced brest
Sharpe sorrowe did in thousand peeces riue.

But who so else in pleasure findeth sense,
Or in this wretched life dooth take delight,
Let him be banisht farre away from hence:
Ne let the sacred Sisters here be hight,
Though they of sorrowe heauilie can sing;
For euen their heauie song would breede delight:
But here no tunes, saue sobs and grones shall ring.

In stead of them, and their sweete harmonic,
Let those three fatall Sisters, whose sad hands
Doo weaue the direfull threds of deffinie,
And in their wrath breake off the virall bands,
Approach hereto: and let the dreadfull Queene
Of darkenes deepe come from the Stygian strands,
And grisly Ghosts to heare this dolefull teene.

Daphnaida.

In gloomie euening, when the wearie Sun
After his dayes long labour drew to rest,
And sweatie steeds now hauing ouer run
The compast skie, gan water in the west,
I walkt abroad to breath the freshing ayre
In open fields, whose flowring pride opprest
With early frosts, had lost their beautie faire.

There came vnto my minde a troublous thought,
Which dayly dooth my weaker wit possesse,
Ne lets it rest, vntill it forth haue brought
Her long borne Infant, fruit of heauinesse,
Which she conceiued hath through meditation
Of this worlds vainnesse and lifes wretchednesse,
That yet my soule it deeply doth enpassion.

So as I mized on the miserie,
In which men liue, and I of many most,
Most miserable man; I did espie
Where towards me a sory wight did cost,
Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray:
And *Iaakob* staffe in hand deuoutlie crost,
Like to some Pilgrim come from farre away.

His carelesse locks, vncombed and vnshorne
Hong long adowne, and beard all ouer growne,
That well he seemd to be sum wight forlorne;
Downe to the earth his heauie eyes were throwne
As loathing light: and euer as he went,
He sighed soft, and inly deepe did grone,
As if his heart in peeces would haue rent.

Approaching

Daphnaïda.

Approaching nigh, his face I vewed nere,
And by the semblant of his countenance,
Me seemd I had his person seene elsewhere,
Most like *Alcyon* seeming at a glaunce;
Alcyon he, the iollie Shepheard swaine,
That wont full merrilie to pipe and daunce,
And fill with pleasance euery wood and plaine.

Yet halfe in doubt because of his disguise,
I softlie sayd *Alcyon*? There with all
He lookt a fide as in disdainfull wise,
Yet stayed not: till I againe did call.
Then turning back he saide with hollow sound;
Who is it, that dooth name me, wofull thrall,
The wretchedst man that treads this day on ground?

One, whome like wofulnesse impressed deepe
Hath made fit mate thy wretched case to heare,
And giuen like cause with thee to waile and weepe:
Griefe findes some ease by him that like does beare,
Then stay *Alcyon*, gentle shepheard stay,
(Quoth I) till thou haue to my trustie care
Committed, what thee dooth so ill apay.

Cease foolish man (saide he halfe wrothfully)
To seeke to heare that which cannot be tolde.
For the huge anguish, which dooth multiplie
My dying paines, no tongue can well vnfold:
Ne doo I care, that any should bemone
My hard mishap, or any weepe that would,
But seeke alone to weepe, and dye alone.

Then

Daphnaïda.

Then be it so (quoth I) that thou art bent
To die alone, vnpiried, vnplained;
Yet ere thou die, it were conuenient
To tell the cause, which thee theretoo constrained:
Least that the world thee dead accuse of guilt,
And say, when thou of none shalt be maintained,
That thou for secret crime thy blood hast spilt.

Who life does loath, and longs to bee vnbound
From the strong shackles of fraile flesh (quoth he)
Nought cares at all, what they that liue on ground
Deeme the occasion of his death to bee:
Rather desires to be forgotten quight,
Than question made of his calamitie,
For harts deep sorrow hates both life and light.

Yet since so much thou seemst to rue my grieffe,
And carest for one that for himselfe cares nought,
(Signe of thy loue, though nought for my reliefe:
For my reliefe exceedeth liuing thought)
I will to thee this heauie case relate,
Then harken well till it to ende bee brought,
For neuer didst thou heare more haplesse fate.

Whilome I vsde (as thou right well doest know)
My little flocke on westernne downes to keepe.
Not far from whence *Sabrinaes* streame doth flow,
And flowrie bancks with siluer liquor steepe:
Nought carde I then for worldly change or chaunce,
For all my ioy was on my gentle sheepe,
And to my pype to caroll and to daunce.

Daphnaïda.

It there befell as I the fields did range
Fearelesse and free, a faire young Lionesse,
White as the natie Rose before the change,
Which *Venus* blood did in her leaues impresse,
I spied playing on the grassie playne
Her youthfull sports and kindlie wantonnesse,
That did all other Beasts in beawtie staine.

Much was I moued at so goodly sight;
Whose like before mine eye had seldome seene,
And gan to cast, how I her compasse might,
And bring to hand, that yet had neuer beene:
So well I wrought with mildnes and with paine,
That I her caught disporting on the grene,
And brought away fast bound with siluer chaine.

And after wards I handled her so fayre,
That though by kind shee stout and saluage were,
For being borne an auncient Lions haire,
And of the race, that all wild beastes do feare;
Yet I her fram'd and wan so to my bent,
That shee became so meeke and milde of cheare,
As the least lamb in all my flock that went.

For shee in field, where euer I did wend,
Would wend with me, and waite by me all day:
And all the night that I in watch did spend,
If cause requir'd, or els in sleepe, if nay,
Shee would all night by mee or watch, or sleepe:
And euermore when I did sleepe or play,
She of my flock would take full warie keepe.

Safe then and safest were my sillie sheepe,
Ne fear'd the Wolfe, ne fear'd the wildest beast:

Daphnaïda.

All were I drown'd in carelesse quiet deepe :
My louelic Lionesse without behest
So carefull was for them and for my good,
That when I waked, neither most nor least
I found miscaried or in plaine or wood.

Oft did the Shepheards, which my hap did heare,
And oft their lasses which my luck enuide,
Daylie resort to me from farre and neare,
To see my Lyonesse, whose praises wide
Were spred abroad; and when her worthinesse
Much greater than the rude report they tri'de,
They her did praise, and my good fortune blesse.

Long thus I ioyed in my happinesse,
And well did hope my ioy would haue no end:
But oh fond man, that in worlds ficklenesse
Reposedst hope, or weenedst her thy frend,
That glories most in mortall miseries,
And daylie doth her changefull counsels bend:
To make new matter fit for Tragedies.

For whilest I was thus without dread or dout,
A cruell *Satyre* with his murdrous dart,
Greddie of mischiefe ranging all about,
Gauē her the fatall wound of deadlie smart:
And rest fro me my sweete companion,
And rest fro me my loue, my life, my hart,
My Lyonesse (ah woe is mee) is gon.

Out of the world thus was she rest awaie,
Out of the world, vnworthie such a spoyle;
And borne to heauen, for heauen a fitter pray:
Much fitter than the Lyon, which with toyle

Daphnaïda.

Alcides flew, and fixt in firmament;
Her now I seek throughout this earthlie soyle,
And seeking misse, and missing doe lament.

Therewith he gan afresh to waile and weepe,
That I for pittie of his heauie plight
Could not abstaine mine eyes with teares to steepe:
But when I saw the anguish of his spright
Some deale alaid, I him bespake againe.
Certes *Alcyon*, painfull is thy plight,
That it in me breeds almost equall paine.

Yet doth not my dull wit well vnderstand
The riddle of thy loued *Lionesse*;
For rare it seemes in reason to be skand
That man, who doth the whole worlds rule possessie
Should to a beast his noble hart embase,
And be the vassall of his vassalesse:
Therefore more plaine aread this doubtfull case.

Then fighting fore, *Daphne* thou knewest (quoth he)
She now is dead; ne more endured to say:
But fell to ground for great extremitie,
That I beholding it, with deepe dismay
Was much appald, and lightlie him vprearing,
Reuoked life that would haue fled away,
All were my self through griefe in deadly drearing.

Then gan I him to comfort all my best,
And with milde counsaile stroue to mitigate
The stormie passion of his troubled brest,
But hetherby was more empasionate:
As stubborne steed, that is with curb restrained,

Daphnaïda.

Becomes more fierce and feruent in his gate;
And breaking foorth at last, thus dearnelie plained.

1 What man henceforth, that breatheth vitall ayre,
Will honour heauen, or heauenlie powers adore?
Which so vniustlie doe their iudgments share,
Mongst earthlie wightes, as to afflict so sore
The innocent, as those which do transgresse,
And do not spare the best or fayrest more,
Than worst or fowlest, but doe both oppresse.

If this be right, why did they then create
The world so fayre, sith fairenesse is neglected?
Or whie be they themselues immaculate,
If purest things be not by them respected?
She faire, shee pure, most faire most pure shee was,
Yet was by them as thing impure reiected:
Yet shee in purenesse, heauen it selfe did pas.

In purenesse and in all celestiaall grace,
That men admire in goodlie womankinde;
Shee did excell and seem'd of Angels race
Liuing on earth like Angell new diuinde,
Adorn'd with wisdome and with chastitie:
And all the dowries of a noble mind,
Which did her beautie much more beautifie.

No age hath bred (since fayre *Astræa* left
The sinfull world) more vertue in a wight,
And when she parted hence, with her she left
Great hope; and robd her race of bountie quight:
Well may the shepheard lasses now lament,
For dubble losse by her hath on them light:
To loose both her and bounties ornament.

Daphnaïda.

Ne let *Elisa* royall Shepheardesse
The praises of my parted loue enuy,
For she hath praises in all plenteousnesse
Powr'd vpon her like showers of *Castaly*
By her own Shepheard, *Colin* her owne Shepherd,
That her with heauenly hymnes doth deifie,
Of rustick muse full hardly to be betterd.

She is the Rose, the glorie of the day,
And mine the Primrose in the lowly shade,
Mine, ah not mine; amisse I mine did say:
Not mine but his, which mine awhile her made:
Mine to be his, with him to liue for ay:
O that so faire a flower so soone should fade,
And through vntimely tempest fall away.

She fell away in her first ages spring,
Whil'st yet her leafe was Greene, & fresh her rinde,
And whil'st her braunch faire blossomes forth did
She fell away against all course of kinde: (bring,
For age to dye is right, but youth is wrong;
She fel away like fruit blowne downe with winde:
Weepe Shepheard weepe to make my vnder song.

2 What hart so stony hard, but that would weepe,
And poure forth fountaines of incessant teares?
What *Timon*, but would let compassion creepe
Into his brest, and pierce his frozen cares?
In stead of teares, whose brackish bitter well
I wasted haue, my heart blood dropping weares,
To thinke to ground how that faire blossome fell.

Yet fell she not, as one enforst to dye,
Ne dyde with dread and grudging discontent.

Daphnaida.

But as one toyld with nauaile downe doth'lye,
So lay she downe, as if to sleepe she went,
And close her eyes with carelesse quietnesse;
The whiles soft death away her spirit hent,
And soule affoyld from sinfull fleshlinesse.

Yet ere that life her lodging did forsake,
She all resolu'd and ready to remoue,
Calling to me (ay me) this wise bespake;
Alcyon, ah my first and latest loue,
Ah why does my *Alcyon* weepe and mourne,
And grieue my ghost, that ill mote him behoue,
As if to me had chanc't some euill returne?

I, since the messenger is come for mee,
That summons soules vnto the bridale feast
Of his great Lord, must needs depart from thee,
And straight obey his soueraine behest:
Why should *Alcyon* then so sore lament,
That I from miserie shall be releast,
And freed from wretched long imprisonment?

Our daies are full of dolor and disease,
Our life afflicted with incessant paine,
That nought on earth may lessen or appease.
Why then should I desire here to remaine?
Or why should he that loues me, sorie bee
For my deliuerance, or at all complaine
My good to heare, and toward ioyes to see?
I goe, and long desired haue to goe,
I goe with gladnesse to my wished rest,
Whereas no worlds sad care, nor wasting woe
May come their happie quiet to molest,

But

Daphnaïda.

But Saints and Angels in celestiall thrones
Eternally him praise, that hath them blest;
There shall I be amongst those blessed ones.

Yet ere I goe, a pledge I leaue with thee
Of the late loue, the which betwixt vs past,
My yong *Ambrosia*, in lieu of mee
Loue her: so shall our loue for euer last.
Thus deare adieu, whom I expect ere long:
So hauing said, away she softly past:
Weep Shepheard weep, to make mine vnder song.

3 So oft as I record those piercing words,
Which yet are deepe engrauen in my brest,
And those last deadly accents, which like swords
Did wound my heart and rend my bleeding chest,
With those sweet sugred speaches doo compare,
The which my soule first conquerd and possest;
The first beginners of my endles care;

And when those pallid cheekes and ashy hew,
In which sad death his pourtraicture had writ,
And when those hollow eyes and deadly view,
On which the clowde of ghastly night did sit,
I match with that sweet smile and chearfull brow,
Which all the world subdued vnto it;
How happie was I then, and wretched now?

How happie was I, when I saw her leade
The Shepherds daughters dauncing in a rownd?
How trimly would she trace and softly tread
The tender grasse with rosie garland crownd?
And when she list aduance her heavenly voyce,

Both

Daphnida.

Both Nimphs and Muses nigh she made astownd,
And flocks and shepherds caused to reioyce.

But now ye Shepheard lasses, who shall lead
Your wandring troupes, or sing your virelayes?
Or who shall dight your bowres, sith she is dead
That was the Lady of your holy dayes?
Let now your blisse be turned into bale,
And into plaints conuert your ioyous playes,
And with the same fill euery hill and dale.

Let Bagpipe neuer more be heard to shrill,
That may allure the senses to delight;
Ne euer Shepheard sound his Oaten quill
Vnto the many, that prouoke them might
To idle pleasance: but let ghastlinesse
And dreery horror dim the chearfull light,
To make the image of true heauinesse.

Let birds be silent on the naked spray,
And shady woods resound with dreadfull yells:
Let streaming floods their hastie courses stay,
And parching droughth drie vp the christall wells;
Let th'earth be barren and bring forth no flowres,
And th'ayre be fild with noyse of dolefull knells,
And wandring spirits walke vntimely howres.

And Nature nurse of euery liuing thing,
Let rest her selfe from her long wearinesse,
And cease henceforth things kindly forth to bring,
But hideous monsters full of vglinesse:
For she it is, that hath me done this wrong,
No nurse, but Stepdame cruell mercilesse,
Weepe Shepheard weepe to make my vnder song.

My

Daphnaïda.

4 My little flocke, whom earst I lov'd so well, but
And wont to feede with finest grasse that grew,
Feede ye hencefoorth on bitter *Astrofell*,
And stinking Smalage, and vnfaerie Rew;
And when your mawes are with those weeds cor-
Be ye the pray of W olues: ne will I rew, (rupted,
That with your carkasses wild beasts be glutted.

Ne worse to you my fillie sheepe I pray,
Ne forer vengeance wish on you to fall
Than to my selfe, for whose confusde decay
To carelesse heauens I doo daylie call:
But heauens refuse to heare a wretches cry,
And cruell death doth scorne to come at call,
Or graunt his boone, that most desires to dye.

The good and righteous he away doth take,
To plague th' vnrighteous which aliuie remaine:
But the vngodly ones he doth forsake,
By liuing long to multiplie their paine:
Els surely death should be no punishment,
As the great Iudge at first did it ordaine,
But rather riddance from long languishment.

Therefore my *Daphne* they haue tane away,
For worthie of a better place was she:
But me vnworthie willed here to stay,
That with her lacke I might tormented be.
Sith then they so haue ordred, I will pay
Penance to her according their decree,
And to her ghost doo seruice day by day.

For I will walke this wandring pilgrimage
Throughout the world from one to other end,

Daphnaïda.

And in affliction wast my better age.
My bread shall be the anguish of my mind,
My drink the teares which from mine eyes do raine,
My bed the ground that hardest I may finde;
So will I wilfully increase my paine.

And she my loue that was, my Saint that is,
When she beholds from her celestiall throne,
(In which shee ioyleth in eternall blis)
My bitter penance, will my case bemone,
And pitie me that liuing thus doo die:
For heauenly spirits haue compassion
On mortall men, and rue their miserie.

So when I haue with sorowe satisfide
Th'importune fates, which vengeance on me seeke,
And th'cauens with long languor pacifide,
She for pure pitie of my sufferance meeke,
Will send for me; for which I daylie long,
And will tell then my painfull penance eke:
Weep Shepheard, weep to make my vnder-song.

5 Hencefoorth I hate what euer Nature made,
And in her workmanship no pleasure finde:
For they be all but vaine, and quickly fade,
So soone as on them blowes the Northern winde,
They tarrie not, but flit and fall away,
Leauing behind them nought but grieve of minde,
And mocking such as thinke they long will stay
I hate the heauen, because it doth withhold
Me from my loue, and eke my loue from me;
I hate the earth, because it is the mold
Of fleshy slime and fraile mortalitie:

Daphnaïda.

I hate the fire, because to nought it flyes,
I hate the Ayre, because fighes of it be,
I hate the Sea, because it teares supplies:

I hate the day, because it lendeth light
To see all things, and not my loue to see;
I hate the darknesse and the drery night,
Because they breed sad balefulnesse in mee:
I hate all times, because all times doo flye
So fast away, and may not stayed bee,
But as a speedie post that passeth by.

I hate to speake, my voyce is spent with crying:
I hate to heare, lowd plaints haue duld mine cares:
I hate to tast, for food withholds my dying:
I hate to see, mine eyes are dimd with teares:
I hate to smell, no sweet on earth is left:
I hate to feele, my flesh is numbd with feares:
So all my senses from me are bereft.

I hate all men, and shun all womankinde;
The one because as I they wretched are,
The other for because I doo not finde
My loue with them, that wont to be their Starre:
And life I hate, because it will not last,
And death I hate, because it life doth marre,
And all I hate, that is to come or past.

So all the world, and all in it I hate,
Because it changeth euer too and fro,
And neuer standeth in one certaine state,
But still vnstedfast round about doth goe,
Like a Mill wheele, in midst of miserie,

Daphnaïda.

Driven with streames of wretchednesse and woe,
That dying liues, and living still does dye.

So doo I liue, so doo I daylie die,
And pine away in selfe-consuming paine,
Sith she that did my vitall powres supplie,
And feeble spirits in their force maintaine
Is fetcht from me, why seeke I to prolong
My wearie daies in dolor and disdain?
Weep Shepheard weep to make my vnder song.

6 Why doo I longer liue in lifes despight?
And doo not dye then in despight of death:
Why doo I longer see this loathsome light,
And doo in darknesse not abridge my breath,
Sith all my sorrow should haue end thereby,
And cares finde quiet; is it so vneath
To leaue this life, or dolorous to dye?

To liue I finde it deadly dolorous;
For life drawes care, and care continuall woe:
Therefore to dye must needes be ioyeous,
And wishfull thing this sad life to forgoe.
But I must stay; I may it not amend,
My *Daphne* hence departing bad me so,
She bad me stay, till she for me did send.

Yet whilest I in this wretched vale doo stay,
My wearie feete shall euer wandring be,
That still I may be readie on my way,
When as her messenger doth come for me:
Ne will I rest my feete for feeblenesse,
Ne will I rest my limmes for fraitie,
Ne will I rest mine eyes for heauinesse.

But

Daphnaïda.

But as the mother of the Gods, that sought
For faire *Eurydice* her daughter deere
Throughout the world, with wofull heauie thought,
So will I trauell whilest I tarrie heere,
Ne will I lodge, ne will I euer lin,
Ne when as drouping *Titan* draweth neere
To loose his teeme, will I take vp my Innne.

Ne sleepe (the harbenger of wearie wights)
Shall euer lodge vpon mine ey-lids more;
Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting sprights,
Nor failing force to former strength restore,
But I will wake and sorrow all the night
With *Philumene*, my fortune to deplore,
With *Philumene*, the partner of my plight.

And euer as I see the starres to fall,
And vnder ground to goe, to giue them light
Which dwell in darknes, I to minde will call,
How my faire Starre (that shinde on me so bright)
Fell sodainly, and faded vnder ground;
Since whose departure, day is turnd to night,
And night without a *Venus* starre is found.

But soone as day doth shew his deawie face,
And calls foorth men vnto their toylsome trade,
I will withdraw me to some darksome place,
Or some deepe caue, or solitarie shade;
There will I sigh and sorrow all day long,
And the huge burden of my cares vnlade:
Weep Shepheard, weep, to make my vnder song.

7 Hence foorth mine eyes shall neuer more behold
Fairer thing on earth, ne feed on false delight

Daphnaïda.

Of ought that framed is of mortall mould,
Sith that my fairest flower is faded quight :
For all I see is vaine and transitorie,
Ne will be helde in anie stedfast plight,
But in a moment loose their grace and glorie.

And ye fond men on fortunes wheele that ride,
Or in ought vnder heauen repose assurance,
Be it riches, beautie, or honors pride :
Be sure that they shall haue no long endurance,
But ere ye be aware will flit away ;
For nought of them is yours, but th'onely vsance
Of a small time, which none ascertain may.

And ye true Louers, whom defastrous chaunce
Hath farre exiled from your Ladies grace,
To mourne in sorrow and sad sufferaunce,
When ye doo heare me in that desert place
Lamenting lowde my *Daphnes* Elegie,
Helpe me to wayle my miserable case,
And when life parts, vouchsafe to close mine eye.

And ye more happie Louers, which enioy
The presence of your dearest loues delight,
When ye doo heare my sorrowfull annoy,
Yet pittie me in your empasiond spright,
And thinke that such mishap, as chaunst to me,
May happen vnto the most happiest wight;
For all mens states alike vnstedfast be.

And ye my fellow Shepheards, which do feed
Your carelesse flocks on hils and open plaines,
With better fortune, than did me succeed,
Remember yet my vnderferued paines,

And

Daphnaïda.

And when ye heare, that I am dead or slaine,
Lament my lot, and tell your fellow swaines
That sad *Alcyon* dyde in lifes disdaine.

And ye faire Damsels Shepheards dere delights,
That with your loues do their rude hearts possesse;
When as my hearse shall happen to your sightes,
Vouchsafe to deck the same with Cyparesse;
And euer sprinkle brackish teares among,
In pitie of my vndereru'd distresse,
The which I wretch, endured haue thus long.

And ye poore Pilgrimes, that with restlesse toyle
Wearie your selues in wandring desert wayes,
Till that you come, where ye your vowes assoyle,
When passing by ye read these wofull layes
On my graue written, rue my *Daphnes* wrong,
And mourne for me that languish out my dayes:
Cease Shepheard, cease, and end thy vnder song.

Thus when he ended had his heauie plaint,
The heauiest plaint that euer I heard sound,
His cheekes wext pale, and sprights began to faint,
As if againe he would haue fallen to ground;
Which when I saw, I (stepping to him light)
Amooued him out of his stonie swoond,
And gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no waie recomforted would be,
Nor suffer solace to approach him nie,
But casting vp asdeinfull eie at me,
That in his traunce I would not let him lie,
Did rend his haire, and beat his blubbred face

Daphnaida.

As one disposed wilfullie to die,
That I sore grieu'd to see his wretched case.

Tho when the pang was somewhat ouerpast,
And the outragious passion nigh appeas'd,
I him desirde, sith daie was ouercast,
And darke night fast approched, to be pleas'd
To turne aside vnto my Cabinet,
And staie with me, till he were better eas'd
Of that strong stownd, which him so sore beset.

But by no meanes I could him win thereto,
Ne longer him intreate with me to staie,
But without taking leaue, he foorth did goe.
With staggering pace and dismall lookes dismay,
As if that death he in the face had seene,
Or hellish hags had met vpon the way:
But what of him became I cannot weene.

FINIS.

